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CHRISTMAS SONGS
AND EASTER CAROLS
BY PHILLIPS BROOKS



CHRISTMAS SONGS AND EASTER CAROLS

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AND EASTER CAROLS
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**TO THE MEMORY
OF
PHILLIPS BROOKS**



CHRISTMAS SONGS

I

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

II

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

III

CONSTANT CHRISTMAS

IV

THE VOICE OF THE CHRIST-CHILD

V

CHRISTMAS ONCE IS CHRISTMAS STILL



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O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM



O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM



LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent hours go by.
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the Angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His Heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where Misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild.
Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray!
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
O Lord Emmanuel!



A CHRISTMAS CAROL



A CHRISTMAS CAROL



EVERYWHERE, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine;
Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and
white,
Christmas where corn-fields lie sunny and bright;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray;
Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all,
No palace too great and no cottage too small;
The Angels who welcome Him sing from the height,
"In the city of David a King in His might."
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light;
 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

So the stars of the midnight which compass us round
Shall see a strange glory, and hear a sweet sound,
And cry, "Look! the earth is aflame with delight,
O sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight."
 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

CONSTANT CHRISTMAS



CONSTANT CHRISTMAS



HE sky can still remember
The earliest Christmas morn,
When in the cold December
The Saviour, Christ, was born.

And still in darkness clouded,
And still in noonday light,
It feels its far depths crowded
With Angels fair and bright.

No star unfolds its glory,
No trumpet wind is blown,
But tells the Christmas story
In music of its own.

No eager strife of mortals
In busy field or town
But sees the opened portals
Through which the Christ comes down.

O never-failing splendour!
O never-silent song!
Still keep the green earth tender,
Still keep the gray earth strong.

Still keep the brave earth dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done,
While children's lives come streaming
Like sunbeams from the sun.

O Angels sweet and splendid,
Throng in our hearts and sing
The wonders which attended
The coming of the King.

Till we too, boldly pressing
Where once the shepherds trod,
Climb Bethlehem's Hill of Blessing,
And find the Son of God!

THE VOICE OF THE CHRIST-CHILD



THE VOICE OF THE CHRIST-CHILD



THE earth has grown cold with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the Angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night,
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod,
The feet of the Christ-child fall gently and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lónely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope which he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

CHRISTMAS ONCE IS CHRISTMAS STILL



CHRISTMAS ONCE IS CHRISTMAS STILL



HE silent skies are full of speech
For who hath ears to hear;
The winds are whispering each to each,
The moon is calling to the beach,
And stars their sacred wisdom teach
Of Faith, and Love, and Fear.

But once the sky its silence broke,
And song o'erflowed the earth,
The midnight air with glory shook,
And Angels mortal language spoke,
When God our human nature took
In Christ the Saviour's birth.

And Christmas once is Christmas still;
The gates through which He came,
And forests wild and murmuring rill,
And fruitful field and breezy hill,
And all that else the wide world fill
Are vocal with His name.

Shall we not listen while they sing
This latest Christmas morn,
And music hear in everything,
And faithful lives in tribute bring
To the great song which greets the King
Who comes when Christ is born?



EASTER
CAROLS

I
AN EASTER CAROL

II
EASTER ANGELS

III
THE EASTER FLOWER

AN EASTER CAROL



AN EASTER CAROL



OMB, thou shalt not hold Him longer;
Death is strong, but Life is stronger;
Stronger than the dark, the light;
Stronger than the wrong, the right.
Faith and Hope triumphant say,
Christ will rise on Easter-Day.

While the patient earth lies waking,
Till the morning shall be breaking,
Shuddering 'neath the burden dread

Of her Master, cold and dead,
Hark! she hears the angels say,
Christ will rise on Easter-Day.

And when sunrise smites the mountains,
Pouring light from heavenly fountains,
Then the earth blooms out to greet
Once again the blessed feet;
And her countless voices say,
Christ has risen on Easter-Day.

Up and down our lives obedient
Walk, dear Christ, with footsteps radiant,
Till those garden lives shall be
Fair with duties done for Thee;
And our thankful spirits say,
Christ arose on Easter-Day.

EASTER ANGELS

EASTER ANGELS



OD hath sent His Angels
To the earth again,
Bringing joyful tidings
To the sons of men.

They who first at Christmas
Thronged the heavenly way,
Now beside the tomb-door
Sit on Easter-Day.

Angels, sing His triumph
As you sang His birth,
"Christ the Lord is risen,
Peace, good will on earth."

In the dreadful desert
Where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful Angels
Gathered at His side,

And when in the Garden,
Grief, and pain, and care
Bowed Him down with anguish,
They were with Him there.

Yet the Christ they honour
Is the same Christ still,
Who, in light and darkness,
Did His Father's will.

And the tomb, deserted,
Shineth like the sky,
Since He passed out from it,
Into victory.

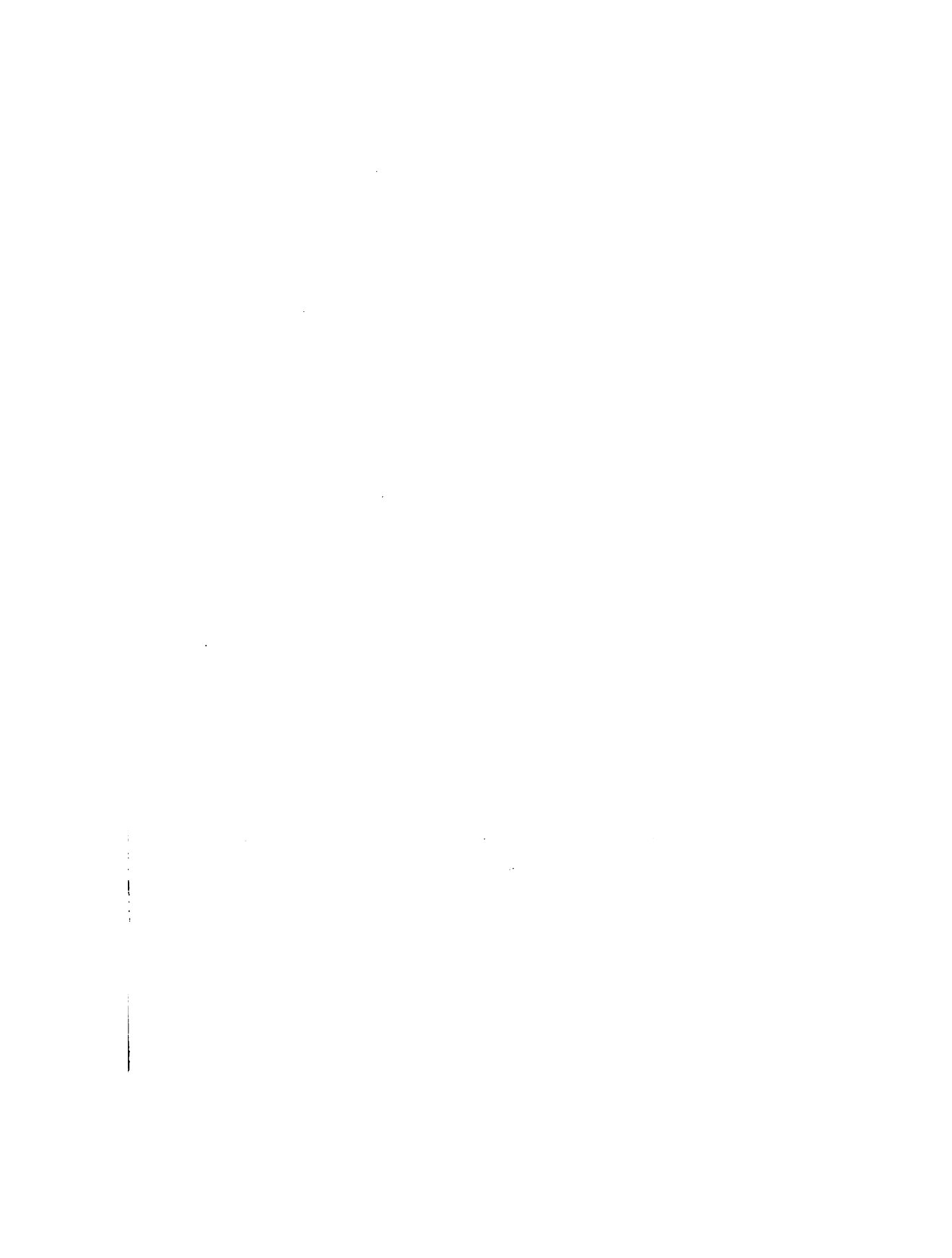
God has still His Angels
Helping, at His word,
All His faithful children,
Like their faithful Lord.

Soothing them in sorrow,
Arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors,
Leading into life.

Father, send Thine Angels
Unto us, we pray;
Leave us not to wander
All along our way.

Let them guard and guide us,
Whereso'er we be,
Till our resurrection
Brings us home to Thee.

THE EASTER FLOWER



THE EASTER FLOWER



GARDEN by the City gate
Where seeds of flowers are sown,
What seed is this they bring in state
With grief and sob and moan?

They hide it in the silent ground,
And sadly turn away,
The dark earth closes it around
Beneath the closing day.

And there its patient rest it takes,
With folded life and power,
Till, when the third bright morning breaks,
Behold it bursts to flower!

And ever since the new-made sun
Turned Eden's slopes to green,
Of all Earth's gardens not in one
So fair a flower was seen.

It glows with faith and charity,
With love for man and God,
In it a hope which cannot die
Springs from the bursting clod.

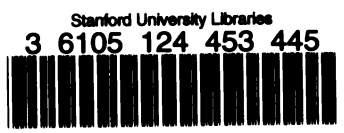
A Rose whose heart is mystic Love,
Whose fragrance fills the Earth,
While happy Heaven which bends above
Sings at the blessed birth.

O Risen Christ! O Easter Flower!
How dear Thy Grace has grown!
From East to West, with loving power,
Make all the world Thine own.

And make our hearts Thy gardens. Bloom
In them, dear Lord, and be
Their life of life till Life gives room
To Immortality!

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